

# THE BOY WHO LOST HIS NAME

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CHRISTINE WARE

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# THE BOY WHO LOST HIS NAME

BY  
CHRISTINE WARE



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TO  
P. C.

WHOSE NAME IS LOVED AND HONORED  
THE WORLD AROUND  
AND  
WHOSE APPROVAL HAS BEEN KINDLY  
ACCORDED THE FOLLOWING  
ATTEMPTED ILLUSTRATION  
OF THREE PEDAGOGICAL PRINCIPLES  
THIS SIMPLE TALE IS  
AFFECTIONATELY  
DEDICATED







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## CHAPTER I

### HOW HE LOST IT

“**H**ERE’S a note Mr. Allen wanted me to give you, dad.”

As he spoke the lad hastily pushed an envelope into his father’s hand and dashed back to the hall.

“Wait a minute, Dick! Do you know what’s in it?” asked Mr. Gardner, dropping the evening paper he had been looking over as he sat beside the cheery fire.

“I guess so,” came slowly from the boy’s lips as he paused near the door.

“Sit down while I read it.”

Dick perched on the edge of the nearest chair.

“Come here and read it yourself,” said his father, quietly, a moment later.

With dragging feet the lad returned to the table where Mr. Gardner had laid the note. How horribly the typewritten lines stared up at him from the white page! Yes, they were all there, the three counts against him.

“Is it true?” asked his father.



"I—I s'pose—yes, sir!"

At least the boy did not lie, and a look of relief passed swiftly over the man's face. It was lost by his son, who stood sullenly glaring at the condemning sentences. He shivered a bit in anticipation of what might be coming to him, for his father's rare "lickings" were unforgettable, and that tone of voice meant—anything!

"Sit down here, Dick."

"Here" was mother's low cushioned rocker on the other side of the fireplace, but Dick sat down as slowly and carefully as if it had been upholstered with tacks, points up.

The rustling sheets of the newspaper slid to the floor as Mr. Gardner leaned back in the big morris chair, clasped his hands in his lap, and gazed into the leaping flames.

"What is your full name, son?" he asked presently in a gentler tone.

"Richard Ellison Gardner, Junior," came the answer, somewhat muffled by the speaker's wonder.

"Do you know that you are the eighth in direct line—from father to son—to bear that name?"

"No, sir—I thought I was just the third."



"Our ancestors were all fighters, Dick," continued the pleasant voice. "They fought different things and in various ways, but they all fought to make this old world better so far as each man could."

And the boy's face glowed and his heart burned as he listened to his father's tale of the men of their line; of the early settler who had fought forest, famine, and fever, and taught his fellows how to conquer all three; how his son, a minister, had wrestled with evil of every sort, and had been in danger of his life often because of his fearless opposition to oppression of any kind; about the grandson who had been a soldier in the American Revolution; of the fourth in the line, who had striven for justice as a lawmaker and judge; of the fifth, a merchant, whose struggle to make his country a power in commerce had been successful in spite of great hindrances; of the sixth, who had fought against slavery at first with tongue and pen, then, as colonel of a regiment, with gun and sword.

"You ought to be proud of a name like that, my lad—"

"Sure! I am, I am!" interjected the boy, passionately.



"And how do you treat it? It has been the name of six brave, true men—gentlemen; and you, the latest one to own it, throw it down and trample it in the mud and filth of dishonor and disgrace—a fellow who can't play a gentlemanly game, who bullies a less fortunate classmate, and cheats in a test!"

The tone scorched, and Dick shrank back in his seat—what was coming this time?

"Repeat after me now—'In no circumstances whatever—am I to use—or let others use—any part or form of the name—Richard Ellison Gardner—as belonging to me—until my father—addresses me so again.' "

Dick repeated the words dictated phrase by phrase, then recited the sentence entire twice, as bidden.

"That is your punishment—do you understand? Now get to bed at once."

Puzzled and wondering, the ex-junior made ready for the night and fell asleep congratulating himself that at any rate he had escaped "one of dad's lickings."

Breakfast was bright and cheery as usual, and the youth quite forgot his disgrace until, as he was preparing to go out, his mother asked,



“Whither away, Laddie?”

Now, the usual form of that question was “Whither bound, Dicky-bird?” and its new version startled him. It reminded him that he had not heard his name since rising; but he pulled himself together and answered, “To catch some flies on the ball-field, I guess. I’ll be home for lunch sure.”

Once out of his mother’s sight he began to run—fast. He felt as if some dreadful phantom were pursuing him, and he must flee on and on—anywhere—to escape. So possessed was he by the thought of pursuit that he did not notice his surroundings till some familiar voices called, “Dick! Dick!” “Reg! Reg! Reg!” and finally, “Richard!”

The tumult in the boy’s mind made him oblivious at first; then he noticed that the boys were calling him, and at last he realized that they were using the forbidden name. He stopped, turned back, and went over to them.

“You mustn’t call me that,” he panted.

“Not call you what?”

“Those names.”

“Why not?”

The nameless boy longed to call it “a freak of father’s,” but the words, “They were brave,



true men," kept ringing in his ears, and he gasped out,

"I've disgraced that name, and so I can't use it or let anybody else use it now."

The boys looked meaningly at one another, then at him.

"But what shall we call you? You'll have to have some sort of a handle of course."

"I don't know—anything you like, only not that," sighed the still breathless boy, purple from his run and confession.

That was the beginning of sorrows.

When he went to bed that night he was wondering whether a licking every second day would have been as bad as this new kind of punishment.

Sunday morning he rose in a rebellious frame of mind, and as breakfast was ending, announced that he would attend no church service that day.

His father was tempted to compel him, but a keen look into the lad's troubled face showed him such real suffering behind the apparent defiance that he checked the sarcastic "Coward too, are you?" almost on his lips and said, quite gently, "Very well, you may stay at home and think things over."



The Boy was late to dinner, but no notice of the fact was taken, and nothing was said to him till he and his father were alone in the sitting room while his mother was getting Leonard and Ruth to bed. Then Mr. Gardner remarked:

"I missed you at church, Boy. It seemed a long way to Ruth."

"Didn't Len sit next to you?" asked the Boy in surprise.

"No, your place was empty." The regretful tone gratified the lad.

"I s'pose you know I didn't stay at home."

"No?" asked Mr. Gardner, quietly.

"No, I didn't," defiantly, "I couldn't—it seemed 's if I should smother—'n' I went down to the Novelty Club and watched the men play."

He had never been forbidden to go there, because his father had not thought it necessary, but he could not have chosen a place less to his father's liking, and he knew it.

Neither spoke for a moment, then Mr. Gardner inquired,

"Did you think about things?"

A faint, whimsical smile appeared briefly about the youngster's lips.



"I—had to. I couldn't think of anything else." His face grew dark then, and he almost choked with anger as he cried:

"You haven't got any right to take away my name like that—it's against the law—it's wicked to treat me so. I hate you, you—"

Two hands gripped his shoulders firmly and a decisive voice said:

"Stop it, Boy. Don't say anything you'll be sorry for later. Sit down here and cool off a bit, and then tell me who has taken away your name really."

The weary lad dropped on the cushions of the morris chair and turned his back on his father.

Just then Mrs. Gardner came to the door saying, "I'm going over to Margaret's to look after the children while she goes to the service. You won't need to come for me, it's so near. Good-night, Laddie."

There was a muttered response from the figure in the chair. Then Mr. Gardner helped his wife into her wraps and escorted her to the friend's home.

On his return he found the Boy angrily tramping the floor, but soon the latter re-established himself in the morris chair and



there was a long silence. The lad's confused thoughts gradually ceased whirling in every direction and began a never-ending repetition—"You threw it down and trampled it—you threw it down and trampled it—" He hid his face, he stopped his ears, he tried to think of his father's meanness and cruelty—but nothing would end the monotonous grinding. On and on, over and over, the words said themselves.

At last he rose and went to the couch where his father was trying to rest.

"I s'pose you mean I did when I threw it down and trampled it," he said despondently.

Mr. Gardner took in his own the hands hanging so limply at the lad's sides.

"It's the worst punishment you could have for what you did, Boy. I wanted you to appreciate how bad a thing it was to treat such an honored name so—"

That sentence was not finished, but the voice went on: "Perhaps, though, you do understand now; and if you say so, I'll change it. You can decide about it while you are getting ready for bed. Good-night."

An hour or so later Mr. Gardner slipped silently into his older son's room—he had had



a hard time himself over the matter. He was rejoicing that the boy had forgotten his troubles in sleep when a head was raised from the pillow.

"That you, father? It'll be—awful hard—awful hard—to lose my name, but I guess it isn't any too hard a punishment for spoiling what our ancestors worked so hard all their lives to make."

The slight quiver in the brave voice went to the father's heart. He found and gripped a hand, and the Boy only just heard the whispered reply; but as Mr. Gardner threw open his own chamber window he said to the night, "His fight is on."



## CHAPTER II

### HOW HE FARED WITHOUT IT

**M**ONDAY—yes, Monday morning, and a glorious dawn, but the Boy's happy whoop suddenly died in his throat. O! why, why had he not refused to lose his name? His heart sank, he hid his face in the pillow—then he shut his teeth hard, muttering, "I won't be a coward—I won't," and made such speed in dressing that he had time for a merry, self-forgetting romp with "Lady Ruth" before the bell rang.

After breakfast the family accompanied Mr. Gardner to the front hall. Ruth made them all laugh by bringing her doll's tiny four-inch suit-case, and saying as she gave it to her father, "It's for mamma's new toat, to b'ing it home in."

"We'll let the tailor look after that, Lady-bug," responded Mr. Gardner, handing the toy to his wife. "Want a slide?" And picking the child up, he set her on his shoulder, cautioning her not to muss his hair, then let



her slip down his arm, caught her in both hands and gently laid her at full length on the hall bench. As he looked up he noticed Leonard, who had been standing, stork-like, first on one foot, then on the other, eagerly watching.

“A swing, is it?” he asked, smiling.

“Please—yes, father!” and the little fellow jumped forward, put both his hands in his father’s left hand, raised his left foot, and when that was firmly fixed in his father’s right hand, put the other beside it and so hung suspended. Mr. Gardner swung him back and forth higher and higher, and finally, dropping his feet, let him down lightly and easily at the end of a long sweep.

During these acrobatic performances the older son kept in the background, not feeling sure of his status, but he was not forgotten. As he reached for the doorknob Mr. Gardner said:

“Where’s the Boy? O, there you are—Good-by, Boy.”

And with the words came a look, such a man-to-man look, and so filled with respect, confidence, and affection that it marvelously reenforced Boy’s courage throughout that trying day.



The Boy reached his schoolroom at eight-twenty-five. As the first bell was ringing, the boys were taking their seats and several greeted him by name. He sat down on his desk in easy fashion, and swinging his heels carelessly, responded, calmly, "You mustn't call me that name now."

The surprise of those nearest him was contagious; the others left off their talk to listen.

In a most indifferent manner the speaker continued:

"I s'pose you all know I had to take a 'liner' home Friday. Well, I didn't get a licking; I got this"—and he repeated his sentence word for word, concluding, "so it's up to you to get up something else to call me."

" 'Something else to call you' ?"

It was Mr. Dutton, the history teacher, who had entered the room in time to hear the last words. Mr. Dutton was particular about manners, so the Boy hastily stood up straight and repeated once more his sentence.

"I see," said Mr. Dutton, thoughtfully. "For the present then I will call you Brutus."

"Brutus?" repeated the puzzled lad.

" 'Brutus is an honorable man,' " quoted Mr. Dutton, and the Boy suddenly dropped into



his seat as the last bell rang, angry and rebellious at the teacher's unmerciful "rubbing of it in."

It was not much better elsewhere. With the French teacher he became "Monsieur Blanc" (blank); in Geometry he was "X" (Ex-); in Latin he was completely ignored—a nod in his direction was a call to recitation; the English teacher termed him "Zero," the watcher of a study-period addressed him as "Naught," and his mates invented all sorts of appellations, for the most part uncomplimentary or aggravating.

The long week dragged wearily by. As its days passed the Boy grew more and more sullen, and paid less and less heed to work of any kind. Nothing mattered any more; he was nobody; it was not worth while trying to do anything. He was possessed by a spirit of reckless inattention and indifference often mounting almost to insolence, but the puzzled teachers were lenient and waited, hoping that before long he would come to himself.



## CHAPTER III

### HOW HE STARTED TO CLEAN IT UP

A SECOND week passed in the same horrible, nightmare way, but Friday did finally arrive, and in the late afternoon, on his return home, the lad found Leonard and Ruth playing Tiddledywinks and was invited to join them. After a merry round of games, as they were picking up in obedience to the early supper summons, Leonard turned to his brother with the query, "Have you found your name yet?"

"No."

"Have you hunted awful hard?"

"No."

"Then you can't get it again, can you?"

"Sure."

"When?"

"O, some day."

"When you find it, will it be all clean and shiny?"

"All scrubbed and polished," laughed the Boy, much amused at the queer idea.



But when the little folks were settled at their evening meal he slowly mounted the stairs to his room, dropped on the couch in his favorite attitude—flat on his stomach, chin supported in his hands, and feet waving in the air wildly or mildly according to mood—and gazed out toward the sunset.

“Clean and shiny?” Of course. No one wanted a dirty name. That would be—yes, it *would* be—worse than none, hard as that was. But when he lost his it was all soiled and stained, dirty, muddy, filthy. How could he expect it to be all “clean and shiny” when he should get it back again? Who would clean it up for him? Who could? Not his father, who had given it to him in spotless condition; not his mother—not anybody else but—just himself!

Well, then, the job was up to him! But how on earth could he do it? How did you clean things any way? Mostly with water—*clean* water of course, for dirty water would only make things worse. His name had been left “in the mud and filth of dishonor and disgrace,” and he’d have to get down there after it with something like water to clean off the dirt. What in the world could he get?



For a long time the feet braced quietly against each other while the eyes gazed fixedly at the darkening sky. Then suddenly the Boy slipped to his knees beside the couch and hid his flushed face and tear-filled eyes on his arm.

When he responded to the dinner call, his listless indifference was gone, and Mr. Gardner watched him with a less anxious heart than hitherto.

Saturday afternoon the Boy watched from afar the school team being badly beaten by a nine in the League not usually a rival, and the rest of the day found him very sober and thoughtful. From his retreat in the Morris chair after dinner he asked his father once, "If a thing has a stain or a bad spot in it, is it spoiled?"

"It depends on the thing," replied Mr. Gardner. "If you can wash out the stain or cut out the bad, the rest may be perfectly right—but you can't do that with everything."

At bedtime the Boy paused beside his father.

"Am I all spoiled?"

Mr. Gardner drew him down to a perch on the edge of the couch,



"You are usually very obedient, you are unselfish and kind with the children, especially Leonard, you have never so far as I know told a lie in your life, all which are such good things that—Boy, I can't understand your cheating at all."

The hands in Mr. Gardner's grasp clenched for a few seconds, then relaxed again. The softly shaded lamp was behind the Boy so that his face was scarcely visible, but his voice though low was clear.

"That was just lazy, dad. I was in a hurry to get out to the ball-play, and the fellows all think that Dot—I mean Mr. Dutton—doesn't correct our tests half the time, so I just picked up a sheet that Burr threw away 'cause he'd made some little mistake on it, and fixed it in with mine, and passed it all in quick. I was only thinking of getting through—but it was cheating just the same."

There was a quick breath—then—

"P'raps I'd better tell you 'bout everything so you'll understand it all. The fellow I bullied is lots bigger than I am, but he's a queer chap—scared-like, and if you're at all fierce he begins to stutter and then gets so fussed that he just stands with his mouth open



not making a sound, till finally he shuts it up with a snap and walks off looking as if he'd blubber pretty quick. Some of the kids thought it was mean, but I kept on 'cause I wanted to see him blubber and I thought he would some day. And one of the teachers happened—he wasn't spying—he just happened to see the whole show and found the fellow fixing his things to leave the school forever. So I caught it. 'Twasn't the regular kind of bullying, but 'twas bullying all right.

"And the dirty ball—was—dirty. I'd play straight till they forgot 'bout me, and then I'd play tricks, 'cause I thought it was such fun to hear them yell and see the fuss. But one day the captain almost got his let-out, and the coach took me to Mr. Allen."

Not for months had Mr. Gardner any idea what the rapidly told story cost the teller, but up in his own room the lad gripped the window-casing hard as he whispered to a friendly looking star—

"Do you s'pose that's taken off any of the dirt?"

At church the next morning the Boy negotiated a change of seats with Leonard, much to the youngster's delight. He frequently



leaned forward to beam upon his brother sitting as far as possible from the rest at the further end of the pew, but not till sermon-time came did the brother trust himself to look that way. He generously smiled at Leonard, then at Ruth and his mother, but the look on his father's half-averted face made him sit up like a ramrod and almost stare the preacher out of countenance lest he betray his own feelings. Much of the helpful discourse fell unheeded on his ears, but from the latter part he gathered some comfort and aid.

The Boy had been taught by word and example that a simple, straightforward expressing of affection was nothing of which to be ashamed, but rather manly and desirable, and so that night when his mother came to the sitting room he had her chair ready, and as soon as she was settled he knelt down before her, gripping the rocker-arms hard.

"Little mother, I'm awfully ashamed of what I did at school—I never thought how bad it would make you feel—"

"Laddie, dear—" she interrupted.

"Please may I kiss you—just once—to say it that way too?" he begged, feeling quite un-



worthy of such favors in his humiliated state of mind.

"Dear Laddie," she whispered.

So he rose, and perching on the arm of her rocker gave her a hearty "squeeze" and a light kiss on her forehead.

"How did you learn all that loving?" asked Mr. Gardner, who had been watching with pleased eyes.

"It's dead easy—with mother. Didn't you find it so, dad?"

"Sauce-box," laughed Mr. Gardner.

"You needn't be jealous, I'll fix you later," threatened the lad. And as he started upstairs he paused beside the couch. Speak aloud he could not, the remembrance of his father's expression in the church service almost choked him, so he whispered rather huskily:

"I'm down in the dirt and mud with my name, father, I'm so ashamed of myself—and so sorry. Can you ever forgive me?"



## CHAPTER IV

### HOW HE KEPT UP THE CLEANING

SOMEHOW the world seemed brighter next morning—even though the school session loomed darkly. Things would be different, he thought—and they were.

After the pause in Mr. Varney's roll-call which had represented the Boy's lost name, a clear "Present" surprised the class. Mr. Varney glanced up, but finding a pair of steady eyes gazing respectfully into his own, he made some cabalistic mark in his book and proceeded. The following morning Fessenden's "Present" was succeeded by "U," and a pleasant glance from the teacher told the Boy that with Mr. Varney he was once more a personality and no longer to be ignored. He gladly used the letter as a signature for board and written work, and the new footing helped him to take some interest in the hitherto hated Latin, so that he presently reached a safer standing.

Monday's second period was a "study" for



him, and this time, instead of sitting in listless thought-wanderings, the Boy found out the geometry lesson and set to work, "Math" was his favorite subject, but he discovered to his dismay that two weeks of inattention had left him quite behind his classmates. Wisely he began where he had left off, but he had gone over only half the necessary ground when the period closed, and he was still trying to study as he entered Mr. Bowles's room.

That gentleman looked so energetic and alert that the boys punched one another as they took their seats, muttering under their breath,

"Gee! Bull's ready to fight, isn't he?"

"Bet he floored some one last class—"

"He'll bowl over the first chap, sure," and so on.

Mr. Bowles rang his bell and took a survey of the class of such sort that each fellow wondered if he had ever thought he knew any geometry.

"All present—good. X."

"X" rose, hesitated about asking to be excused from reciting, but decided that he had no excuse and so must face the music.

"Go ahead with the first proposition. Use the figure behind me."



"I can't, sir."

"Why not?"

"I haven't studied it yet."

"Again, why not?"

"I haven't caught up."

"What did you say? You have not been absent."

"No, sir, only absent-minded."

Mr. Bowles scowled. He disliked jokes, so X's heedless remark did not mend matters.

"What point have you reached?"

"The corollary to Theorem XVII."

"Indeed!"

X's cheeks grew rather red as he struggled for self-control. Then he looked his sarcastic teacher full in the face.

"It's all my own fault, Mr. Bull, I ought—"

The boys gasped.

"Why do you call me 'Bull'? That's not my name—"

"O yes, it is, sir; it's your nickname."

Mr. Bowles stared and glared, and the boys sat up in consternation.

"My nickname?" Mr. Bowles repeated. "Is there any more of it?"

"Yes, sir," replied the now horrified but still truthful X, "it's Ole Bull."



"Ole Bull," repeated the teacher again. "Not so bad as it might be, but why do you call me that?"

X was by now as red as a boiled lobster, but he went on undauntedly.

"Because you go for us boys so hard and play the violin so much."

There was a moment's silence during which the boys scarcely breathed. Then Mr. Bowles flicked a bit of dust from his sleeve, looked at X, and said, quietly:

"Thank you. I believe I interrupted you. You were saying you ought—"

"It's all my own fault that I'm behind, Mr. Bowles"—X was careful this time—"I ought to have paid attention and studied. I'm sorry."

Mr. Bowles considered briefly.

"Sit down." He seated himself. "Now, where did you leave off?"

Then followed a new and lively sort of review of the work X had covered that morning which left no one in darkness on any point.

When the bell rang Mr. Bowles said: "Same lesson for to-morrow, boys." Then, turning to X, he added, "Shall I help you with the rest after school?"

X hesitated, then ventured to respond,



"Thank you ever so much, sir; but wouldn't it be fairer for me to do what I can with it alone and get the rest in class?"

Mr. Bowles looked at him soberly for a moment, then with a most unwonted smile of fun on his usually stern face, he said:

"Fairer and much better. Really, X, I don't know about your violin playing, but you have certainly pushed me so hard this morning, and gone so straight to the mark that I think you have fairly earned the nickname of Bull-let."

He disappeared before the astounded boys recovered their wits, but during recess the tale spread like wildfire, and unbounded was the astonishment over "Bull's new streak." "Must be a bully fellow after all," was the general conclusion.

Two boys, however, did not discuss that matter during the half-hour in the open. As the Boy reached the outer door he made a quick survey of the playground, and seeing a group of larger boys at the further end of the building, made his way thither. No one guessed that the hands in his pockets were fiercely gripping all the available hardware in those receptacles.



"Archer," he said, as he reached the group and noticed that it contained the very fellows who had witnessed the last badgering, "if you'd kindly wipe up the ground with me—or—or do anything else you like, I'd feel a heap better—about—what's past."

To the intense surprise of his auditors Archer responded without the slightest sign of embarrassment.

"O, shut up! you're all right—I've been too much of a baby—an' I've just got to quit—"

"But I've been the nastiest—"

"That's enough of that. If you'd just help me—"

With unexpected delicacy the other boys melted away and left the two to a talk of such an intimate and friendly nature that when Mr. Allen glanced from his office window to see if any laggards had missed the warning bell, he saw—and looked again to be sure he was seeing straight—Archer's arm around his former tormentor's shoulder as they marched in step toward the door.

At half-past one the Boy gathered up a few books for home study—a new departure for him—then hastened to Mr. Allen's office. There was another affair to settle if possible.



The master looked up as he entered.

"O! it's you, is it? What do you want?"

"Mr. Allen, do you think Mr. Nisson would let me play on a scrub?"

Mr. Allen considered. He was tempted to refuse unconditionally, but he had just heard and seen things which made him hesitate.

"I don't know; suppose we ask him," was his response finally, and turning to the telephone at his elbow he signaled the gymnasium.

"Is Carl there? . . . All right, as soon as he can." He hung up the receiver.

"Better sit down while you wait."

"I've been sitting so long I guess I'd rather stand, thank you," and the Boy went to the window and looked at the playground—so familiar and full of varied reminiscences.

After some ten minutes quick steps came along the hall and Mr. Nisson hastened in.

"I'm so sorry I couldn't get here sooner, Uncle, what is it?"

"That's all right, Carl, glad to get you at all. He wants to talk with you," with a wave toward the window.

"But I don't want to talk with him," and Mr. Nisson looked disgusted.

"I don't blame you, Mr. Nisson, but please



will you let me say something?" asked the Boy, turning but not advancing.

"I'm waiting," responded the gym teacher, shortly.

"Please sit down a minute," said the Boy, pushing a chair forward and taking his place in front of the two men.

As he stood before them the strong light from the window fell almost fiercely on him. He was evidently tired and found it hard to carry out his purpose, but there was a sort of do-or-die air about him which impressed both the teachers.

"I suppose I've no right even to think of such a thing, Mr. Nisson, but I'm asking you to let me get up a scrub and play on it myself."

"When I want dirty ball, I'll be glad to send you an invitation."

The Boy grew a little white.

"Won't you please let me if I promise to play clean all the time?"

"Even a written, witnessed promise is no good without a signature."

The Boy flushed and looked down—he had forgotten that—then he raised his head proudly.

"My father says I never told a lie in my life, and if I promise, I'll keep it, name or no name."



Mr. Nisson studied him silently.

"I'll tell you why I want to—I watched the game Saturday, and I was scared stiff at the way the fellows played—they made so many errors and fumbles, it was rotten. They'll come out at the bottom if they don't do better than that. It seemed as if they didn't care to half try, though Cap worked awful hard to stir 'em up. And afterward I thought pr'aps they needed a real good scrub to practice with so they'd have to work hard right along—then they could do something in the League games—"

"So you're wanting me to make you captain of a scrub and let you teach a lot more how not to play baseball?" asked the coach.

At first the Boy seemed not to hear; his eyes had a far-away look as he gazed out the window. Then he looked Mr. Nisson squarely in the face again, saying quietly:

"I haven't got any name just now to work for or care about, but the school has—a good one—and if I can do anything to keep it good or make it better, you just tell me what to do and I'll do it."

"Be at the ball-ground at three-fifteen sharp," was the quick reply as Mr. Nisson rose and turned to Mr. Allen.



As the Boy reached the outside door he suddenly remembered his books and flew back to the office. There he found Mr. Nisson kneeling beside Mr. Allen, talking very rapidly with tears in his voice if not in his eyes, and Mr. Allen's hands on his shoulders.

"O! *please* excuse me, I forgot my books," he gasped as he dashed in and out again with all possible speed, and while he hurried homeward he tried to reconcile the scene with former meetings of the two men.



## CHAPTER V

### HOW HE KEPT UP THE CLEANING

(CONCLUDED)

AS the Boy rounded the last street corner on his way home after the ball practice he noticed Dr. Perry, the minister, a few rods ahead. In spite of considerably slackening his speed he reached the foot of the house steps just as the Doctor was about to mount them, and the minister in turning caught sight of him.

Instantly the lad's cap came off.

"How do you do, Dr. Perry? Mother's at some meeting this afternoon, and father hasn't come home yet. Can I give them your message?"

Dr. Perry smiled.

"But I didn't want them. I came to see you."

"Me!" gasped the astonished Boy. Then, recollecting himself, he hastily added, "Please go on up, and I'll run round and open the door."

As he sped away to the back of the house his thoughts worked fast too. "Great Scott, Gee Whiz, and all the rest! Dr. Perry come



to see *him*! What did you do when the minister came to see you? What could he want? Was he going to scold—”

By that time he had opened the door and was looking into a pair of such friendly eyes that his fear fled. He laid his caller's hat on the table and led the way to the living room. With a fine instinct of hospitality he established his visitor in the big morris chair, drew up his mother's rocker for himself, and lighted the fire which was laid in the fireplace. For a few minutes both watched the kindling flames in silence; then turning to the minister the lad asked with a boy's blunt directness,

“What did you come to see me *for*, Dr. Perry?”

The answer was equally direct.

“You looked at me so hard yesterday during the sermon that I wondered if anything were troubling you, and whether I could help you at all. Can I, Dick?”

The Boy suddenly shoved his chair back—he felt too warm. How *could* he tell Dr. Perry? But of course he had to.

“I thought everybody knew,” he said with difficulty, “that I disgraced my name at school and father won't let me or anybody else use it now—not in any way.”



"That's a hard one, isn't it?"

The tone was so sympathetic that the Boy looked up.

"The worst of it is," he explained in a steady voice, although his lips would tremble a little, "that I don't know how long it'll last. Father said till he called me by it again, and I can't tell when that will be."

"Of course you've tried to set things right again?"

"Yes, sir," was the quick response from a heart thankful that its owner could truthfully make such a reply.

"Good."

After a moment's pause the Boy asked, "Have you got your father's name too?"

"Only the Perry," replied the minister with quick understanding of the Boy's interest in the topic. "My mother died before I was old enough to care much about my name, and no one else knew why she wanted me to be Ralph Somers. So, you see, I'm having to make my own reputation—"

"You're doing it all right; the people at the church all think you're fine," burst out the Boy more enthusiastically than politely.

"—But I've had plenty of nicknames," went



on Dr. Perry, not heeding the interruption. "My father used to call me 'Hardscrabble,' I made such work of creeping and learning to walk. Then I became 'Periwinkle,' 'Winks,' and so on. But the one that stuck longest was given me by a substitute teacher accidentally."

He leaned forward and began telling the tale so animatedly and naturally that the Boy already felt as if they had long been chums. He listened fascinated as Dr. Perry described the occasion, and so made an exchange of experiences easy.

All too soon the clock struck six and Dr. Perry rose.

"I mustn't keep you any longer."

"You aren't keeping me, and I'm awful glad you came. I was scared first, but I'm not now, and you've helped me a good deal telling me things."

After handing Dr. Perry his hat, he picked up his own cap and followed him outside, saying,

"I'm going down to Walnut Street to meet father. He likes to walk up through the park and get the fresh air, and it's about time for him to be coming."



"May I go too? I'd walk three times as far any day to get a look at that fine father of yours."

A merry chat they had during the ten-minute stroll to meet the trolley car, and Mr. Gardner's face brightened as he saw them approaching. After their mutual greetings he tried to express to Dr. Perry his appreciation of the latter's courtesy, but the young man would not allow it.

"The favor and pleasure are mine, Mr. Gardner. It tones me right up to see you. You have put up such a splendid fight in a long, hard battle that you're an inspiration to us all, and we're more than glad to see you winning out—"

"O, come now, Perry, you're reckless with your bouquets!"

"No flowers of any kind about my remarks, Mr. Gardner," replied Dr. Perry, earnestly. "But when a young fellow who knows what fierce temptation is and has to meet it almost daily, says to me, 'Whenever I hear Mr. Gardner's name it helps me. My own name will never go very high, but wherever it does go, it's got to stay as clean and bright as his,' it seems to me only just that



you should be told something of what you are and stand for to your fellow citizens."

"Did you meet Dr. Perry on your way down here?" asked Mr. Gardner as they turned homeward after watching the minister's tall figure pass out of sight in the thronged avenue.

An amused smile lit up the Boy's face as he replied,

"No, sir. You'd never guess, so I'll have to tell you. He came to the house to see me!"

"Really?"

"Really and truly. I was scared stiff first off, but he was awfully jolly, told me about things he did when he was a boy—not so very long ago either, I guess, was it? And then we talked—about—names—some—"

Mr. Gardner's heart smote him as he saw the Boy's animated expression transformed to a wistful, far-away look, but—

"He's great, isn't he?" resumed the lad, and rapidly retold one of the preacher's early experiences which brought smiles to both faces.

After dinner the Boy disappeared momentarily, then returned with an armful of books which, in some embarrassment, he placed in a chair. Then he drew up to the table the chair in which he usually sat and read evenings,



and selecting a book began to regard its pages. But something seemed to be the matter. The leaves did not get turned, and he squirmed rather uneasily, so that presently Mrs. Gardner, who was reading nearby, looked inquiringly at the open book.

"Geometry?" she exclaimed in surprise.

The Boy grew red as a beet, then he rose and walked around to her side of the table, still holding the volume.

"That's one of the things I'm ashamed of," he said honestly. "I didn't study a bit for two weeks, so I'm 'way behind, and I'll have to work nights to catch up—do you mind?"

"Very much," and her smile changed the Boy's restlessness and uncertainty to adamant purpose.

"Wouldn't it be easier to study at the table?" she asked, quietly moving papers and other articles away so as to give him plenty of space at the further end from her rocker. She usually sat where she could look frequently at Mr. Gardner, resting on the couch, and now the Boy also would be in the direct line of vision. The latter was too much relieved to sit with his back to his father to mind her occasional glances, and he soon became so



absorbed and quiet that he had to be addressed twice when his bedtime signal came.

Instead of going directly to his own room as soon as he reached the top of the stairs the Boy turned into the bay-window over the front door, from which position he could see a considerable distance up and down the street. The lamps set on either side of the roadway at frequent intervals shone steadily through their clear glass shades, making the whole distance bright, while over at the corner of the boulevard the big arc light in its clouded globe seemed a mild sun in its illuminating power.

"The little fellows are like plain, everyday folks with clean names," he thought, "and the big buster one is father. So he's a fighter too! He never said a thing about it when he told me about the others—I wonder if that's what makes him so tired nights. Wish I knew what he's fighting, 'cause I'd like—to—help—if—I—could."

The sudden realization that in his present disgraced condition no one would want his aid gave him such a keen pain that he shut his teeth hard and hid his face in the curtain to keep back the tears. But presently he



looked out again at the steady smaller lights and after a while he spoke two words aloud: "Some day—"

Then he turned in.

Two weeks later as Mr. Allen was crossing the schoolyard he spied Mr. Nisson emerging from the gymnasium and quickly overtaking him asked rather abruptly, "How is the 'Scrubber' coming on?"

"Fine," was the smiling response. "He's really the best player in the school now, square deal every time, and pretty—you wouldn't believe how the fellows have to work to beat him, for he's about the whole scrub. I offered him a place on the school team one day. He got as red as fire first, then asked, 'Do you mean that, Mr. Nisson?' 'I mean exactly that,' I answered. Then he straightened up stiff with his head as high as he could get it and said, 'There's only one thing I'd like better, Mr. Nisson, but it wouldn't be fair to the team, and perhaps I can help just as much by the practice work and rooting at the games.' He's all right. Messed things up at first, but he's dropped the dirt clean out, and the boys are getting to know it."



## CHAPTER VI

### HOW HE TRIED TO RECOVER IT FIRST

**W**EDNESDAY afternoon as the uptown Hill Avenue car left the transfer station at Orange Street, of its former overcrowded load only three women, two men, and a boy remained on board. With a sigh of relief the men, evidently friends recently met, took the seat directly behind the boy and began talking. After some inquiries regarding local matters one asked,

“Do you know Gardner—R. E. Gardner?”

“No, who is he?”

“He’s a fine chap, junior member of Merrill, Andrew and Gardner—”

“The firm that got so nearly smashed along back?”

“Yes, and he’s the fellow that’s brought them through; they’re pretty nearly safe now. He’s worked like a slave to do it, and it’s almost used him up. His father didn’t marry till after the Civil War, and he was the only



child, always delicate, never could tear 'round like the other chaps, but he was never grumpy about it, they say."

"Must have had good care at home to stand such a pull—what sort of a wife has he got?"

"The very best, daughter of Leonard Halsey, of Marlboro."

"Good stock."

"She sympathized with his plans and has stood by in fine shape."

"Why didn't he let the firm slide and get into something else? Couldn't he have done as well elsewhere?"

"Much better, but he was too honorable—wouldn't let the creditors suffer—nor his name either; he's prouder than Lucifer of that."

"Why?"

"O, it's an uncommonly fine record—all fighters one way or another. He seems sometimes almost like one of the oldtime knights, you know."

"I'd like to know him—"

"I wish I did."

"Why don't you?"

"Too much of a black sheep to have the honor," laughed the speaker, adding very slowly and thoughtfully, "He did a mighty



queer thing the other day—don't believe I could have done it even if I'd thought of such a proposition."

"What was it?"

"Took his boy's name away."

"What! How?"

"Took his boy's name away—wouldn't let him use it in any form at all."

"You don't say! Poor kid!"

"He's mighty fond of the youngster too."

"Do you know it for a fact?"

"Sure. Allen, the master of the school where the boy goes, told us one night down at the City Club. He gave us most of the facts and said it was being a great help about straightening up the boys, and he wondered if it mightn't do the same for the fathers. It has—here," he added, laughingly tapping his own chest.

"What do they call the kid?" pursued the visitor, inwardly wondering if the ears of the boy in front had been windburned—they were so very red.

"The teachers call him by letters, like U and X, and the fellows have made up all sorts of nicknames, but he's mostly known as 'the Boy who lost his name.' "



At that point the lad in front suddenly turned, pulled off his cap, and looking straight at them, although his face was as red as his guilty ears, said,

"I'm not much of a gentleman, am I, for I've been listening to everything you've said, and I'm not a bit sorry, either."

The men looked rather surprised.

"You see," the lad went on swiftly, "I know Mr. Gardner, and he doesn't think he's much himself at all, and he works so hard days that he has to rest evenings and can't do things he likes—not even when he goes away for just a week in the summer. He wouldn't go away at all only he'd be down sick and then he couldn't work. And—and—I thought if you didn't mind very much, I could tell him what you said about him—they were such fine things—and maybe it would help him some, for he gets just awful tired sometimes."

Two clear eyes looked eagerly at the men. After a glance at each other one got out a card and wrote briefly on it, while the visitor, fumbling in his pocket for a bit of paper on which to scribble, said rather sarcastically:

"You seem to know Mr. Gardner's ways pretty well. Are you his private secretary?"



In spite of his anxiety for their permission the lad laughed.

"No, sir, not at all, but—I live at his house."

"Indeed," said the visitor, putting his scrap of paper and the other's card in an envelope that had turned up from somewhere. "Then who are you?"

The boy reached up and pressed the signal button, then, rising, faced them again, rather pale but steady of eye and voice.

"Please excuse me, but I have to stop here this time. I'm 'the Boy who lost his name,' sir—and—don't blame father, please, 'cause—I—deserved it all right."

"When you tell your father what we said, give him this," said the visitor, handing over the envelope.

With a hurried "Thank you no end," the Boy dashed out forward, but paused as the car passed him to wave his cap to the two men, who smiled back at his bright face and thoughtfully watched him sprint for the curb.

The next morning Mr. Gardner received an unknown caller in his office.

"I'm in Renfrew looking up investments," he said, "and something I heard yesterday made me think that perhaps we could fix



up some business with your firm. Here's my card."

Mr. Gardner read the name of one of the greatest banking firms in the country.

"I don't know to whom I'm indebted for such a happy introduction," he said after the business had been transacted and an immense burden removed from his heart and mind, "but I assure you I am most grateful for your help and confidence just now."

Mr. Miller looked at him thoughtfully.

"Mr. Parker—Herbert Parker—told me about you without any idea of my coming to see you. You've a fine boy, Mr. Gardner. Aren't you rather hard on him, taking away his name? I suppose he was no worse than any ordinary boy in what he did?"

"No," said Mr. Gardner, quietly, "only he can't be 'any ordinary boy.'"

What Mr. Miller thought as he keenly scanned Mr. Gardner from head to foot he did not state. He only asked:

"Let me know how he comes out, will you? I liked his looks."

Suddenly Mr. Gardner had a flash of illumination.

"You were one of the two men who gave



him messages for me on the street-car yesterday?"

Mr. Miller looked surprised. "Didn't he give you—"

"Yes, he told me everything and gave me the envelope, but I must confess I was so annoyed at—at—"

"Being gossiped over?" suggested Mr. Miller, mischievously.

Mr. Gardner laughed—"That I did not look at its contents—just slipped it into my pocket—it must be at home there now—I beg your pardon."

"You needn't be vexed about it—he was all right. He stood up for you—took all the blame on himself." He looked out the window a moment, then added, "I wish my boy could say that," and Mr. Gardner was the first person to see the other man's face transformed by repentance and longing for his absent son.



## CHAPTER VII

### HOW HE GAINED A NEW NAME

**F**OR some reason best known to himself Mr. Dutton moved forward the date of the monthly history test two days. The boys were not pleased, least of all Brutus, for his text-book had unaccountably disappeared so that he had been unable to study the day's lesson or to review. After the paper had been given out he sat very still for a moment, then, without asking permission or even looking at his teacher, he took a detached desk in the corner of the room where he was quite isolated from the rest of the class. Mr. Dutton started to speak, but thought better of it, and instead kept a close but unnoticed watch of the lad throughout the hour, marking that neither eyes nor hands were permitted to wander beyond the desktop. When he handed in his work Brutus looked at Mr. Dutton, but that gentleman's eyes were occupied with the page of his record-book, so the boy picked up his books and passed out with the rest.



As he was about to dismiss the class on Friday Mr. Dutton said, "I want to see Nichols, Farnsworth, and Brutus. The rest are excused."

Brutus was annoyed and looked it. Mr. Nisson wanted the boys on hand promptly that afternoon for some special ball practice, and he had planned to do an errand for his mother beforehand. However, there was no help for it, so he sank back in his seat and half-heartedly tried to reread the day's Latin while Mr. Dutton interviewed the other two boys.

At ten minutes of two the teacher addressed him.

"Your turn, Brutus."

"Yes, sir," and the boy rose languidly.

"During the examination on Wednesday you took this seat in the corner without asking permission—why?" said Mr. Dutton, laying the boy's corrected test on the desk.

Brutus's color flamed all over his face, but his eyes looked straight into his teacher's.

"I cheated on the last one, and I thought perhaps you'd understand that I wasn't going to this time if I sat off there by myself."

"Were there any books in the desk?"

"Not that I know of."



"Go and see."

The boy went to the desk, stooped down and looked in.

"There's one here, sir."

"What is it?"

Wonderingly he examined it. "A history."

"Whose?"

"Mine, sir, that I couldn't find Tuesday or any day since."

"There seem to be more ways than one of cheating," remarked Mr. Dutton as Brutus came back and laid the book before him.

The boy shut his teeth hard and paused a moment before speaking, then he faced his teacher again.

"I was straight this time, Mr. Dutton. I didn't have one bit of help—every word in that test is mine and not from any book or paper or anything else. But after what I did before, I s'pose I can't expect you to believe me now, so I'll just have to take zero again."

In a sudden fit of anger and disgust he seized the test almost from Mr. Dutton's grasp, tore the sheets across and threw them on the floor, then turned his back and moved to his seat, the one directly in front of the teacher's desk.



"Brutus!"

"Yes, sir," and he half turned.

"Was that gentlemanly?"

"I s'pose—I guess—No, sir."

"Then—"

The boy sat down, planted his elbows on the desk, put his chin in his hands and glared at the torn papers on the floor. Mr. Dutton watched him in silence.

Perhaps it was five minutes later that he rose quietly, picked up the papers, and fitting them together as well as he could, laid them before his teacher.

"I'm sorry I was so rude, Mr. Dutton. Please excuse me." As he raised his eyes, he was surprised at the look on the face opposite him.

"Gladly. Have you anything else to say to me?"

Was this the chance he had been wondering about and looking for? Had Mr. Dutton been expecting and waiting for him to speak all this time?

"You never said anything to me about that test, so I didn't know whether I ought to, but I'm awfully ashamed of that and the other things. Perhaps you think I like to



cheat and be a mean skunk other ways, but I don't, and—"

"I know that you were perfectly honest in this test, and that you have proved yourself a gentleman just now." Mr. Dutton had risen and come to the front of his desk, where he held out his hand as he smilingly added, "Good-by, Miller."

The boy hesitated. "I—I don't understand, sir."

"Brutus doesn't fit any longer, and I thought you would like this."

"Is it for any one specially?"

"Can't you guess?"

"Do you mean Mr. Robert Gordon Miller?"

"The very same."

The lad felt humiliated that he kept blushing like a girl, but how could you help it if people said such things?

"He wouldn't care to have me use his name—"

"We talked about you last evening. He's in town on business, and he seemed rather pleased—said he should expect you to reflect credit on it. You can telephone him at Main 1300 before four o'clock if you wish—I think he would like it."



“I guess I will. Thank you ever so much, Mr. Dutton,” and the boy’s shining eyes and hearty grip of his hand told the man far more than the modest words.



## CHAPTER VIII

### HOW HE TRIED AGAIN TO RECOVER HIS OWN NAME

THAT proved a lively and distracting afternoon. He had expected a cold lunch as he was so late home, and sent Dora smiling happily to the kitchen because of his hilarious gratitude over the appetizingly hot viands she brought him.

He telephoned Mr. Miller, and left the instrument with a fine glow in eyes and heart over the kind words of that gentleman.

He apologized to Mr. Nisson for his late arrival and received a smile and the remark, "That's all right. You don't need the extra touches as much as the rest." And they finished the practice early enough for him to do his mother's errand.

Just as he was turning from the crowded avenue into a quieter street on his way home, he noticed a newsboy on the corner winking unnaturally fast, and glancing about for a cause spied two smaller boys slinking away suspiciously.



"Any trouble?" he inquired, stepping close beside the newsboy to be out of the stream of passers-by.

The boy shook his head—then glanced up, and seeing the interested face, gulped once or twice and managed to get out, "Nothin' much."

As the stranger did not move away, he looked up again, and this time there was fire in his eyes.

"I'd like to choke them kids—allus rubbin' it in 'bout my name—but they're too small for me to touch, and they know it."

Recollections heightened the Boy's color as he asked, "What's the matter with your name?"

"Nothin'."

"What is it?"

"Smith."

"What Smith?"

"Just Smith, that's all, I don't know any more, and them fellers keep sayin' it must be L. U. Smith, for Lock-up Smith, or Smithereens, or Black Smith, or—I'd like to knock them into smithereens—" and he gazed moodily in the direction his tormentors had taken.

"Well, why don't you get some more name, then?"



"Could I?"

"Sure."

"How?"

"O, just choose some more and—and be baptized," said the Boy, a little embarrassed by the question. His eyes were sweeping the opposite sidewalk in search of inspiration—and suddenly he found it.

"There's Dr. Perry. He'll know how. You wait a minute," and he dashed across the street.

During his brief absence the newsboy disposed of his last few papers, then returned to the corner curbing. Almost at once the Boy was back again, and with him Dr. Perry, who was on his way to a formal dinner party. But the Doctor had an understanding with all who cared to entertain him that no dinner should ever wait one moment for his appearance, and that he should begin with whatever course was being served on his arrival. On no other conditions would he accept an invitation, since unexpected calls on his time made his coming and going as uncertain as a physician's. Hence he had followed the Boy without delay, glad to be of service even in this new and humble way.



The passing pedestrians seemed much interested in the odd group, and many were the glances bestowed on the trio—the somewhat soiled newsboy, the eager, well-clad schoolboy, and the fine-looking man in immaculate evening dress, half sitting on the hydrant to reduce his height more nearly to that of his companions. But the three were oblivious of the rest of the world. The Boy explained the situation briefly and Dr. Perry seconded his suggestion of choosing more names, adding, “What would you like for a first name?”

“I d’n know.”

Seeing his uncertainty, the Boy came to his relief.

“Do you like anybody enough to want his name?”

“No-o,” hesitatingly.

“Well, how would you like David? The fellow that killed the giant, you know.”

Smith did not know, but it sounded attractive, so he said, “All right.”

“Don’t let the fellows spoil it. Make them say the whole name every time. Do you want a middle name too?”

Yes, Smith would like a middle name, and



the two boys pondered while the minister watched.

"What's your name?" Smith suddenly asked the Boy.

"I haven't got any just now," replied the Boy, and he explained with rising color. "But my father's name is Richard Ellison Gardner, and that'll be mine when I get it back again."

"Then I want Gardner for my middle name," asserted Smith. "I think David Gardner Smith sounds great."

"I'll ask father if he's willing," said the Boy. "He's pretty careful of his name, you know."

"I won't hurt it none; I ain't no slouch," said Smith, resentfully.

"You'll understand when you see Mr. Gardner," interposed Dr. Perry. "Do you want to be baptized and make sure of your name in that way?"

"How do you do it?"

Dr. Perry explained in detail.

"Don't be in a hurry about it," he said. "A name is an important matter. Think it over carefully, and I'll be here again Monday afternoon to learn what you decide."

At dinner time the Boy asked his father's



consent to Smith's use of his name, and was told that the matter would receive consideration. Then he related his experience with Mr. Dutton, and listened longingly, hopefully for his name, but a quiet "I am glad you have made that matter right, Boy," was all he heard.

After he was in bed his keen disappointment kept him awake thinking, thinking. What did his father want or expect? He had gone down into the mud. It wasn't easy or pleasant, but he had gone—and had cleaned up his name all right. It wasn't fair to keep him out of his own so long—what more could his father ask any way? He was sure his name must be a little shiny after what Dot had said. If his father wanted it any shinier, he'd better rub it up himself; he wouldn't try any more if he never got it back—never? He squirmed uneasily and tossed restlessly.

"That isn't so. I'd do most anything to get it back again, truly. If I just knew what—if father'd only tell me."

He almost broke down then, his heart was so full of longing, and the remembrance of his father's face that Sunday morning took away the last vestige of resentment.



"I'll just have to keep on trying till I find the right thing, I guess," he decided finally, and he fell asleep to search dreamland through for a lost, undiscoverable jewel.

Monday afternoon during a pause in his paper-selling Smith felt a hand on his shoulder and looking up quickly found Dr. Perry smiling at him.

"Thought I'd come around early and see if you could take supper with me—can you spare the time?"

"Sure I will. Where'll it be?"

"Arden Chambers, at half-past six."

Following the clear directions, Smith arrived promptly. Dr. Perry usually dined out, but to-night he had a simple but abundant supper sent in to his bachelor suite, and the two had a feast seasoned with much merriment during which he studied the boy. Then they settled down to discuss the name proposition, and after Smith had said that he would rather be baptized and feel sure that no one could take away or spoil his name, it was easy to reach the real issues of life—God's purpose for every one and his right to every one's love and service.

It was new to Smith, but he grasped the



truth quickly, and then there was a long pause.

Presently he rose and stood before the minister with his hand on the other's knee. Dr. Perry laid his own hand over it.

"Does God truly want *me*?"

Dr. Perry met the earnest questioning gaze with one equally straightforward.

"Yes."

"Then—he can have me; 'n' when I'm baptized it'll mean that. Did I ought to join a church too?"

"It would be much better."

"But—p'r'aps folks wouldn't like—"

"O no! they would be glad to have you."

"All right—I'll do it. You'll tell me and help me, won't you, *please*?"

It was a wistful, pleading tone, for the man's face wore such an absent look that the boy suddenly felt almost forsaken. But in an instant Dr. Perry was on his knees holding the boy close in his arms and praying for them both in a way so straightforward, earnest, and trustful that then and there Smith learned how to do it for himself.

The following Sunday was the time set for the baptism, and at four o'clock Smith and Dr.



Perry found Mr. and Mrs. Gardner and the Boy awaiting them in the church.

As they stood beside the font the sun streamed in through the beautiful stained-glass windows, throwing wonderful colors on the carved woodwork around the chancel and over the group reverently listening to the service. Just as Dr. Perry laid his hand on Smith's bowed head a beam of golden light fell over the kneeling figure as if it were a visible blessing. The lad felt it, and when he rose an answering glow from within shone in his face. It was a happening which the two boys never forgot.

David and Dr. Perry took supper with the Gardners most happily, and then the former made his way to the new home arranged for him by the thoughtfulness of his recently acquired friends. The idea originated with the Boy, who had one day said to Dr. Perry, "Don't you think David would find it easier to—to—live up to his name if he had a better place to stay in?"

"Have you thought of one?" Dr. Perry seldom wasted much time or talk over matters.

The Boy flushed a bit—it seemed so bold to be proposing plans to the minister.



"I thought p'r'aps he'd like to be at Lem's," he suggested, bashfully. "Mrs. Aiken might be glad to have him help her some, and I guess Lem wouldn't mind having some one to talk with more—and they'd be pretty good to him, wouldn't they?"

"Great scheme, my lad. Suppose you fix it up with David and I'll see Mrs. Aiken about terms."

Mrs. Aiken and her crippled son Lemuel had approved the idea, and after he had seen them David was only too glad to be admitted on any terms. So the homeless lad found a welcome with them and was soon counted a member of the family.

That Sunday evening the Boy lingered a little over his "Good night." The events of the day made him homesick for the sound of his name, and he had hoped that his part in the procuring of David's might help to restore his own. But nothing happened.

"Another flunk," he said to himself as he slowly made ready for bed. He wondered what the reason could be, and found it hard not to envy the newsboy his new possession.



## CHAPTER IX

### HOW HE TRIED A THIRD TIME

ONE afternoon the Boy, feeling rather at odds with the world in general and studying in particular, went home from an exasperating season of ball practice past David's usual stand. But business was so good for the newsboy that he was obliged to wait some minutes before they could do more than nod to one another. When at last there was a lull David hurried over to him.

"Ain't it queer how you see things if it's happened to you?" he exclaimed rather unintelligibly as he arrived. "See here," and he fished out of his pocket a folded newspaper clipping. "Lem saw it and read it to me 'cause it made him think of me some."

The Boy read it carelessly. Somehow the subject of names bored him just then.

"'Tis some like you, isn't it?" he said, listlessly. "How's Lem?"

David had been visibly disappointed at the Boy's indifference and had put the clipping



back hastily, but he brightened up again as he responded, "Fine—he's sitting up to-day."

"What!" The Boy stared.

David slipped away to sell several papers but was quickly back again.

"Lem's sitting up," he repeated. "I made him awful huffy one day 'cause I said he didn't ought to stay in bed an' make his mother wait on him so when he could get up if he had a mind to an' help her some—an' he said some mean things, they were—but I didn't blame him when he showed me what was the matter; no feet an' not much legs either. But in the night—he doesn't sleep much, I guess—he tried what he could do, an' it was more'n he thought, an' so this mornin' I helped him, an' he got into the big rocker an' we hauled him to the winder sos't he could see out. Maybe he'll dress up some to-morrer, 'n' I guess he'll feel better so. He took back what he said to me too." David spoke meditatively, then suddenly darted away again bent on sales.

After a few moments more of converse the Boy strolled homeward idly, recalling what David had said about Lem, when suddenly the name in the clipping stood out clearly



before his mental vision. "Carl Nelson" and "the rest of his name"—could it be Mr. Nisson? The names were not unlike in sound. And what was it he had said to Mr. Allen about not knowing his other name that day in the office when the Boy had gone back for his forgotten books?

"I say, David, let me see that clipping again, won't you?"

David watched him closely as he reread it.

"Let me take it till to-morrow if I bring it back then?"

"What fer?" asked David, in surprise.

"P'r'aps I know the man they want."

"You're stuffin' me!"

"Course it may not be so, but I'd like to try and see."

"You better keep it, or give it to the feller, if that's what you want it fer."

"All right—thanks. I'll let you know about it when I find out. Do you know what paper it was in?"

David thought hard. "Lem said it was in a paper his mother got—she'd know—shall I ask her?"

"Sure, and let me know quick," and he hastened homeward wondering if Nitsie had



seen it, and what he would say when he gave it to him. Suppose, though, it should prove not to mean him? That would be a sad disappointment. After some consideration he decided to write himself to the address given.

When he essayed the task it proved a more difficult undertaking than he had expected. However, a deal of cogitation and more wriggling eased the struggle, and he finally achieved a note which, though it did not satisfy his desires, would serve.

At the other end of its trip the note met similar perplexity.

"What on earth!" exclaimed the recipient, and having no time to spend over it just then he stood it up against some pigeon-holes while he finished his mail, dictated letters, heard reports, and gave directions. Now and then he glanced at it and shook his head.

During a lull he leaned back in his chair and gazed at it.

To M. G. R.—

Mr. Carl Nisson, gym teacher at Melton, wants to find the rest of his name. He calls

Yours truly,

Scrubber.

"Scrubber! What a name! But it's that



plain as day; can't be anything else; teacher at Melton—where under the sun is that?"

He picked up the envelope. "Hm—mailed at Renfrew—hm—Melton School possibly then—but Scrubber—Scrub-ber, that's no name at all—unless, hm—might be a nickname, I suppose—O ho! why, yes, so it might—and—why, sure enough, Renfrew *is* the place, I'll bet it's that Gardner boy, couldn't sign his own name, of course—believe I'll risk it! And bless me, if that isn't the High School where Dutton teaches—I am a bonehead for sure."

So it came about that the Boy received a reply very promptly in Mr. Miller's own hand—for the advertisement that gentleman had reversed his initials—thanking him for the information and stating that he would follow up the clue.

About a week later, as the Boy was picking up his shoes after the ball practice, he received such a "swat" on the exposed region that involuntarily he straightened up and found himself a prisoner in Mr. Nisson's arms.

"I'll fix you for playing me such a trick," he heard, but the face belied the words, for it was radiant with a new happiness. Hastily the tale was told. Mr. Miller had written asking



for an interview, and the upshot thereof was that Mr. Nisson had found the rest of his name—Carl Neslin Porter it was accurately—and with it a dear beautiful grandmother who had taken him to her heart at once. She was the widow of Mr. Miller's father's best friend, and Mr. Miller had promised to be a sort of father to him, so that for the "gym teacher at Melton" loneliness was a thing of the past.

On reaching home the Boy found confirmation of the story in a note from Mr. Miller, wherein that gentleman thanked him for his part in the matter, stated that Mrs. Porter would be a real fairy grandmother, as she was very wealthy and wished to give her newly found grandson better education and training in whatever line he might choose, and asked in conclusion, "Have you got your name back yet?"

At dinner the Boy related the story and read the note. At its close he asked, "Have I got it back, father? Can't I have it now?"

"I am glad you helped Mr. Nisson—Mr. Porter, I should say—to his, but you haven't earned your own yet."

It was a sadly disappointed youth who sought his bed later and lay tossing about



restlessly as he rebelliously wondered why he should still remain nameless. What could his father want? Perfection probably. If he did, he'd better look elsewhere; he wouldn't go in for that—no, sir! But what could it be? If only he knew, he—could t-r-y—for it. At last, with a sigh eloquent of his longing and determination to regain his lost treasure at any cost, he rolled over once more and fell asleep.



## CHAPTER X

### HOW HE CHANGED HIS PLAN

ONE warm evening as Mr. Gardner was lying in the sailor's hammock in the back veranda he called to the Boy as the latter came up from the garden.

"Do you know a lad named Parker? At school?"

The Boy shook his head slowly. "I guess not."

"He's what you call a 'Prepper.' "

"I don't remember anybody by that name."

"That's strange. A Mr. Parker spoke to me on the car to-night and said he would like to see you, but as he couldn't just now he asked me to thank you for helping his boy to behave better and for saving him from a bad fall at the cost of a good shake-up yourself."

At that reference light dawned and the Boy grinned cheerfully.

"O! I guess you mean Pin."

"Pin?"

"Yes. We call him Pin because his head's



the biggest part of him and most of the things he says prick so."

"Sit down and tell me about it."

"There's nothing much to tell," said the Boy, drawing up a chair. "He's bothered me quite a lot off and on, and one day last week he was pretty nasty, called me 'Nothing,' 'O—O,' 'Naught-y' and such things, and tried to walk through me, saying, 'Nobody's here—what's the matter?' I was mad, but I tried to play with him and the others—guess I didn't do it very pleasantly, though. Next morning at recess I got out early and saw him up on the wall where the broken glass is; I can't think how he got there; and he called to me to get him down quick. He looked kind of pale and scared, so I told him to jump and I'd catch him. He jumped at me instead of straight down, so he sort of knocked the wind out of me, and we both tumbled over back. We might have got hurt only it was softer ground right there. When he got up and found he was all right he just said, 'No thanks to Nobody,' and scooted. 'Course he had to or he'd be late—their recess comes before ours. But after school while I was waiting for Archer, I felt a pull on my jacket. I was some cross



when I saw him, but he surprised me he looked so different, and he said kind of bashfully, 'Nobody's gone, but Somebody's here, 'nd Somebody's great,' and ran away quick."

"Why hadn't you told me?"

The Boy's eyes turned from gazing into the back of the garden to look at his father.

"I thought it might seem like a bid for my name. I tried to get it back by doing special things first, but I'm through with that now."

He paused, then added, more slowly: "I think I begin to understand better what you meant, and that the way to get it back is to plug away at being decent myself—getting to be a gentleman if I can. Isn't that so?"

Just at that moment a small pyjama-clad figure appeared at the screen door calling, "Brother, I couldn't get to sleep at all in my bed, I just got hotter and hotter, and mother said I could come out here if I wouldn't talk, and you'd look after me. Will you?"

"All right, come on; better bring the afghan along," responded the Boy, trying not to show his disappointment at receiving no reply to his eager question. Mr. Gardner had risen and followed the flying little feet into the house.

In a moment Leonard was back again. He



climbed into the hammock and lay down, and the Boy said "Good night" and began walking up and down the veranda. Presently a weary sigh drew his attention, and he looked at the little fellow, who lay rigid, hands clenched and face all puckered, in his effort to get to sleep.

"Brother" was amused, then he looked bored; but a few moments later a pleasanter expression appeared.

"Want me to tell you a story, Len?"

There was a quick vigorous nod in response.

"Sit up a minute—there—now lie so you can look at me," and Leonard lay down in a more restful attitude on the readjusted pillows, while his brother resumed his earlier seat and began slowly,

"Once on a time there was a king who had three children—one boy about eleven, another six and a little baby girl about three. The second prince and the princess were peaches, but the first one was a holy terror. His folks did all sorts of things to try to make him behave, 'cause they were afraid when he got to be king he'd be so bad the people couldn't stand him. But he didn't mind anybody or anything; he just laughed when he had to go without his supper or be shut in a dark room,



or even after a licking, and it seemed as if it only made him think of worse things to do, so everybody was discouraged, the king specially.

“But there was one man who didn’t seem to feel so sad about Prince Naughty—the Prince had lots of names, you know, eight or ten, but nobody said anything but Prince Naughty after he got so bad. And one day this Duke took Prince Naughty to his house and read him a story, about one of the old Greeks. The Prince liked it so well that he wanted another, but the Duke said he couldn’t read any more then, but if the Prince could tell him the whole of the story next day he’d read him another.

“So the Prince went home and the rest of that day he was so busy trying to remember all the story that he forgot to be bad and did just what he was told.

“Next day he told the Duke what he remembered, but he left out a good deal, so the Duke read the same story again and promised him a new one as soon as he could tell the first one straight.

“Well, next time he got it all in, so he heard the new story, and they went on like that for a week or so. By that time the Prince was so



interested in those old fellows that he wanted the book for keeps. The Duke said all right, he could have it as soon as he could read a whole page without making a mistake and could show all the places on the map.

“My! how Prince Naughty hustled after that! His tutor couldn’t get him along fast enough. Before that nobody could make him study a thing, but now he was at it all the time—reading, and geography, and arithmetic, so he’d know about numbers and money better, and other things too. And pretty soon he’d read that book clear through, and then some others. And all the time he was behaving so fine that one day the Duke said he ought to have a new name, and what do you think they called him? Prince Mindwell! and the Prince—” seeing that the little fellow’s eyes were drooping gradually, the Boy spoke more and more slowly: “liked his—new—name — so — well — that — he — kept — on — behaving — right —till — it — got — to — be — easy — and — everybody — loved — him.”

In the gathering twilight the Boy sat and listened to Leonard’s regular, peaceful breathing and then went on some thought excursions till his own bedtime arrived.



Next morning when he was about half-way to school he spied Pin coming to meet him. As soon as he was within hailing distance Pin called out, "Did your father tell you what my father said?"

"Sure, but there wasn't any call to say anything."

There was a bit of a pause, then Pin dashed in again as they walked on together.

"I used not to like father a bit. He always called me Kid, an' I hate 'Kid,' so I called him Goatee—he has to wear some kind of one 'cause his chin isn't much good—and that made him cross, an'—an'—we were down on each other mostly. But when I told him how you kept me from getting hurt bad, he was sort of—of staggered for a minute as if he'd got a new idea, an' then he said, 'Come here, Alan.' I was some s'prised, but nothing to when he picked me up an' held me tight in his lap a while. We had a great old talk, an' I found out that he truly cared 'bout me an' just teased me to keep me from being sissy. But he isn't going to do it that way any more—he's going to call me Alan. You don't know how big an' proud it makes me feel."



Couldn't the Boy guess? Wouldn't he feel so and more if ever he heard his own name again? He looked enviously at Pin, whose spindling little figure seemed really to grow more sturdy as he talked.

"An' I'm to call him father unless I find something he likes better. He smiles real jolly when I say 'Father' too."

"What's your name, did you say?"

"Alan Roycroft Parker."

"That's a fine one," and the Boy almost sighed.

"Would you mind calling me Roy? I'd like to use it all, you know, and if father calls me Alan and the teachers Parker and you Roy it'll take most all of it."

"Great head you have, Pin!" He laughed at his slip, then held out his hand correcting his remark to "You're all right, Roy!" as they parted at the school steps.

The day had been a trying one, and the Boy was in no humor for study that night when he sat down at the table and picked up his books. Geometry came the first period, so he attended to that first. Then he paused, but finally picked up the hated Cæsar. For some time he



wrestled quietly with the intricacies of indirect discourse; then he began to shuffle his feet and twist his legs about the chair legs. After a time, rising far enough from his seat to have space for movement, he flung the book with all his might against the opposite wall, almost shouting, "Darn you, darn you, I say!"

After a moment Mr. Gardner's quiet voice broke the silence.

"Go to your room, Boy," and the Boy went as if he really were the bullet he had been nicknamed.

Perhaps three minutes later he reappeared at the threshold, reluctantly saying, "Did you mean to punish me by sending me off, father? 'Cause"—awkwardly but honestly he said it, and his voice and manner left no slightest doubt of his truthfulness—"it's no punishment at all; I'd be glad to go to bed right now. The real thing would be to—to make me study that—Cæsar some more."

"Very well, finish your lesson."

Slowly the Boy reentered the room and circled around toward the place where the book lay, glaring at it with hostile countenance. All at once he began humming a lively tune and dancing the sailor's hornpipe which Mr.



Porter was teaching a group of boys at the gym. During one of its forward passes he picked up the book, pressing it to his heart till he reached his seat.

"Why this gayety?" asked Mr. Gardner, whose eyes were twinkling with amusement at his son's sudden transformation.

"I was trying whether there was anything in that saying, 'Music has charms,' you know, for I'm as savage inside as he was out," responded the son, grimly, slamming the book down hard and giving it a whack with his fist as he dropped into the chair once more.

It was almost ten when he finished, and both parents had retired, so he hastily tumbled into bed; but sleep was so slow in coming that he had plenty of time for the meditation he had missed earlier.

"Guess it didn't help about my name much. I don't care, hateful old thing—but I do care though. Wonder if I'll *ever* get it back. What do you s'pose those other Richards would do? Fight it out, probably. I guess I'll have to, too. I'll tell father—"

"Your story the other evening made quite an impression on Leonard," said Mr. Gardner



as his older son was sitting down to his books the next evening. "He has tried to be Prince Mindwell ever since."

"He's a peach any way," responded the Boy. "But I never thought of his doing that. I was telling it more to myself than to him. I—I—sometimes I hate studying so—I get mad like I did last night, and then I get ashamed and sorry. I'd tell old Cæsar so if I could get at him," and he smiled ruefully at his father who was standing beside the table.

"No gentleman ever gives way to his temper like that," said Mr. Gardner quietly, but so clearly that the words almost cut.

The Boy flushed and made an angry move, then shut his teeth hard and compelled himself to be slow and quiet. He handled his books gently and worked hard on his lessons till his curfew rang. Then with a deep sigh of relief he piled up papers and volumes and started for his room.

"Are you awful 'shamed of your bad boy, mother?" he whispered as he kissed her good night.

"I've been wishing I could help my Laddie better," she whispered back, and the yearning love in her eyes and voice made him respond



hastily, "You're a peach for bracing a fellow up, little mother, didn't you know it?"

"Good night, daddy," was his farewell to his father as he passed the couch.

"Sit down here a minute," said Mr. Gardner, making room for him at his side. "What is it you dislike so about studying?"

"The whole blooming show," was the explosive reply.

"Are all the subjects distasteful?"

"No, geometry's fair."

"Why?"

"O—it's sort of like a puzzle, to see what you can get and how."

"How do you suppose the first man worked it out?"

"I never thought about that. I'll bet he had a great time finding out things and checking them to be sure he was right."

"What is your history about?"

"It's just a mess of dates and names of men and battles and laws," impatiently.

"What did the men do?"

"Scrapped, or tried to boss the ranch, or—"

"Then they were fighters of various sorts, with different aims?"

"I s'pose so," in a more thoughtful tone.



“What did they fight for?”

“I guess I’ll have to study some and find out,” said the Boy, interested now, and amused at the idea.

“What about Cæsar?”

“He was an old beast, but he *was* a fighter, wasn’t he? P’r’aps he wasn’t such a bad—patriot after all.”

“Why?”

The Boy thought a minute. “He was awful mean and cruel to the people he conquered, but he crushed the life out of them so they’d always have to belong to Rome and help make his country greater.”

“Would it help any to imagine yourself the person about whom you are studying and to think what you would have done in his place?”

“It sure would—I’ll try it right off.”

He started for his room again pausing only long enough to add, “It’s good of you to—bother with me so, daddy.”



## CHAPTER XI

### HOW HE GOT SOME HELP

ON the following Sunday Dr. Perry came to the Boy's aid. Something about the service stirred his spirit and he felt a yearning which he could not define, but as soon as he heard the text he understood it.

"Thou shalt call his name—" read Dr. Perry and paused. Some sort of tag or label for each person was a need as soon as men could talk. It would be difficult to imagine society existing without means of distinguishing the individuals. This label was termed a name. At first these labels were probably derived from some peculiarity of the person which marked him as different from his fellows; then relationship made its contribution, and in course of time the present complicated nomenclature was evolved.

Nicknames seemed to be an expression of the desire to have the name a better fit than the appellation which came to the person by inheritance or accident, and often were most



appropriate, sometimes being adopted for life by the recipient.

After a while the name became more than a label; it meant the person and his character, so that some names stood for ability, others for beauty, some for honor, and others again for meanness, inability, cruelty, etc. And the people who were by birth connected with any of these names could choose to live down to the low ones or to lift some of the disgraced ones up and make them respected; while those who inherited honored names could live up to them if they wished. Such an inheritance was above valuation, a treasure beyond price.

At that point the Boy could not forbear giving a quick glance at his father, but Mr. Gardner was an absorbed listener, so the Boy turned back to the preacher.

"Thou shalt call his name," read Dr. Perry again, "Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins."

"That was a name which demanded much from its bearer," said Dr. Perry, and he rapidly but most clearly sketched the course of that life so dear to us all—as child and growing boy trustful and obedient; as youth and young man ever true to its highest, best impulses,



looking always upward for inspiration and guidance; as full-grown man living up to all that the name given him at birth meant, in small things as well as the greatest, and, strengthened by his inexpressible love for his heavenly Father and the obedience which had become his beautiful habit, ready at any moment to meet all its demands to the uttermost. That was indeed a life true to the high purpose expressed in its name. No wonder that to its bearer should finally be given a name above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow.

Here was given our example, our inspiration for the highest living, and its reward was sure—in this world the comfort of gaining the best out of life, and in the world to come the new name which the Father who had put us here and tested our fidelity and loyalty had promised to those who overcame.

In the multitude of sympathetic faces Dr. Perry, as he closed, saw most distinctly the glowing countenances of two lads and held them in his thought as he offered a fervent petition that none of those present should by carelessness, negligence, or willfulness forfeit their claim to that precious new name.



The closing hymn, "The Son of God Goes Forth to War," contained a new meaning for both David and the Boy. "The steep ascent to heaven" might be "through peril, toil, and pain," but the reward was worth all it cost, and each resolved to win it.

After dinner, which Leonard and Ruth always shared on Sunday, the Boy took them for a walk in the park while Mrs. Gardner rested. As she was not down on their return, he found Ruth's best doll and its wardrobe and established her on the couch. Then he gave Leonard his dissected map of Palestine, and picking up a book, ensconced himself in the big morris chair.

For a few moments all was quiet.

"Brother, is your name nicked?" suddenly asked Leonard, desisting from his fruitless attempts to locate the tribe of Dan in the Dead Sea.

"What?"

"Dr. Perry said lots of folks had nicked names," responded Leonard on the defensive. "Is yours nicked?"

"I guess not—I hope not," answered the Boy without the least inclination to laugh at the thought. What if—



“Dr. Perry said *nicknames*,” he continued. “That’s a name different from your own name—same as if I called you Poll-len, or Leanhard, or Poodle—”

“Have you got any nickednames?” interrupted Leonard.

“Heaps. All the folks at school have given me some.”

“What?”

“O—Blank, and Naught and Bullet and Scrubber—”

At the last named Leonard broke into a merry laugh, and Mrs. Gardner, who entered the room at the moment, gave the Boy a quick, sympathetic glance.

“I don’t mind—he never hurts me,” said the Boy answering the look. And dropping on the floor beside the still laughing little fellow, he tumbled him over, asking, “Want me to scrub you, do you?”

Thereupon ensued a mild roughhouse which delighted the youngster’s heart and left him breathless but happy.

The Boy soon quitted the room, for Mrs. Gardner taught the two younger children hymns and verses Sunday afternoons, and going upstairs he dropped down on the couch



in his chamber. There he reviewed the sermon whose message he loved and never forgot. Then for the second time in his life, under the urging of a compelling need, he slipped to his knees beside the couch.

In the evening, as the two were awaiting Mrs. Gardner's return to the living room, Mr. Gardner asked the Boy, "Why did you look at me during the sermon this morning?"

"I didn't know you saw me," replied the Boy, surprised. "I couldn't help it, I was so glad we—you've got such a name, and so proud of the way you've honored it." He came nearer in his earnestness and his shining eyes looked deep into his father's. "I just love our name, daddy, and some day—when you think I can be trusted with it—I'm going to prove it. If it's in me to do it, I'm going to honor it too."

Mr. Gardner made no audible response, but the peace of a great gladness filled his heart. He put his arm around the Boy, and together they paced the room till Mrs. Gardner arrived.



## CHAPTER XII

### HOW HE WON A SECOND NEW NAME

**M**EANTIME the ball practice went on famously. The "scrub" was literally "licking" the school team into fine form, largely through the Boy's efficiency, for if there was one thing the Boy could do it was play ball.

On his eighth birthday some benevolent friend had taken him to a professional ball game, and the youngster had at once developed into a "fan" of the most pronounced type. He played ball constantly, with his mates for the most part, with sympathetic elders occasionally, but, failing both, by himself alone. Many a time had Mrs. Gardner wished for the opportunity to get good snapshots as she watched from the window the lithe young figure, clad in the dearly loved "base-ball zoot," impersonating in turn all the members of a nine, pitching, batting, catching, running, with unconscious grace, faithful imitation, and ever-increasing skill. He loved the



balls, and they loved him. They curved at his will, they soared at his pleasure, they flew to his bat, they sped to the outfield, they dropped into his hands and awaited his caressing touch—O yes! the Boy could play ball.

He went to the School League games, and watched with a trainer's keen eye, and the fellows who made errors had chances in the skirmishes with the "Scrub" to practice those very things and learn to make good.

At first the name "Scrubber" had greatly annoyed the Boy, but as he thought it over its double appropriateness impressed him—he was a Scrub-er and he was scrubbing his name clean, and gradually he had become rather fond of the title.

"What makes you care such a lot when you're not on the team?" said the captain one day, interrupting Scrubber's eager congratulations and praises of the nine after a hard-won victory.

"I'm not on the team I know, but I care a lot for the school and—and—for the team too, and I want you to land the League prize awfully—you're going to all right too—you're doing great work."

At length came the day of the last game, and



the two contestants were tied for first place, so that it would be a stiff fight.

"But whatever happens, keep it *clean* ball," were Nitsie's last words as the call for the game was heard, and the team obeyed. Their rivals were apparently not so scrupulous, but their captain was sharp enough to perceive that they were losing ground in the public favor, and being a clear-headed youth, he realized that that would not help his team, so after the third inning he gave them some earnest words on the subject and matters went better.

Scrubber was in awful suspense. He rooted valiantly on the slightest occasion, and often without any, in the hope of stimulating quick or successful action at a critical point, but he did want to yell when Hoky muffed the ball and the other fellow got to third base and the next minute to the home plate, quickly followed by the proud batter. He wished he could close his ears to the deafening cheer that arose upon that achievement, and then he wondered how Hoky would take it—yes, he was getting mad and that would be the end of his good playing. O! why didn't the captain see it and cool him off?



But the best intentions in the world could not be carried out, for just then an excited player flung his bat wildly away instead of dropping it as he started for the base. It fell near the captain, who played catcher and had moved nearer the home plate to watch the ball's course better. Accidentally he stepped on the bat and fell, wrenching a weak ankle so painfully that he fainted. He quickly regained consciousness in the shade behind the bleachers, whither he was carried, and, making light of it, he tried to stand. But he went white, and lay down again.

"I'm out of it—get Scrubber quick."

Scrubber, watching with grave concern, came like a flash on receiving the summons. Nitsie had reached the group and was skillfully making the ankle more comfortable while he forbade the boy to move.

"I say, Scrubber, you be captain, won't you? You'll win out, sure."

Scrubber gasped, then he clinched his hands behind him. He had to shake his head because he couldn't find his voice. The other boys were silent. Bates looked ugly.

"O go ahead!" pleaded the captain. "The team'll play with you all right—we've just



got to win, and the others are two runs ahead now."

But Scrubber still shook his head—finally he found his lost voice.

"No, I won't play"—he could see the relief on some of the boys' faces—"but I might coach p'r'aps, if the fellows didn't mind that."

"How's that, boys? will you play up?"

There was a moment's hesitation, then "Sure," "All right," and other affirmative expressions followed one another rapidly.

The captain sank back relieved, while Scrubber speedily rearranged the players. "Bates for catcher, Hoky first base, Allie short-stop, and get Lemon for center field quick as you can."

The boys were astonished. How could he know that those were just the places each had coveted? Anyhow they would show—

But Scrubber was giving them a very few signals, carefully, and exacting implicit and instant obedience thereto.

"When you're in it you can't always see quick enough, so I'll do the looking and you watch me to know what to do," he explained, and the boys promised.

Faithfully they kept their word. Scrubber



went to the coaching line and stood or walked easily, carelessly back and forth. Apparently he was a rather indifferent observer, but in reality not a move, not a signal escaped him. And the boys, following his directions, gained fresh confidence, played with new spirit and began to retrieve their fortunes.

"Nitsie, get me up where I can see or I'll die here this minute," commanded the captain, pounding the ground with his fists as a new burst of cheers broke out.

So Nitsie got him up on his well foot and then pick-a-backed him to a seat on one side whence he watched with an interest that helped him endure the pain in his ankle and foot. How did the boys manage it? They were batting in wonderful style—even Slowpoke had hit a fly that got him to third and let Beany finish his run.

The opening exercises at school on the Wednesday morning following the game were of unusual interest. At the close of the prayer Mr. Allen gave a signal and an earlier graduate of the school, Stafford, known to his fellows more intimately as "Stiff," came to the platform. He unrolled the banner in his



hand, attached it to the pole handed him by Mr. Porter, and held it out for the boys to behold. How they cheered! Then while they got their breath, he related the story of the formation of the League by his own class, and the fight for "clean ball," and congratulated the school and the team on gaining possession of the first banner awarded.

After the applause died down Mr. Allen rose and praised the work of the team, saying that while he enjoyed the banner as an evidence of their successful endeavor, he prized it far more because it stood for gentlemanly sport.

The Boy's cheeks had gained a deeper color as he listened to the master's words, but the concluding remarks he lost, for Nitsie whispered to him that Mr. Allen wanted to see him before he left the platform. The Boy started up as the scholars began clapping, followed rather closely by Nitsie.

As they came up the steps the school was rising for dismissal. Mr. Allen motioned the pupils to wait, then, turning, beckoned the Boy nearer. By some sleight of hand which the scholars watched with curious and knowing looks, Nitsie swiftly exchanged the Boy's



jacket for a sweater, dark-blue with white letters on the front, and they would have cheered again but that Mr. Allen began to speak.

"This fellow"—he put his hand on the Boy's shoulder—"helped win the banner, but was not a member of the team and so can't wear the M. However, we all, both scholars and teachers, want him to know that we appreciate his work, and since he cared so much for the school we have had its name put on his sweater and we are going to call him by that title—for the present."

Before the boys could respond, "Melton" was at the edge of the platform.

"I say, fellows, have you forgotten—can you ever forget—that—dirty ball—and—"

His cheeks were flaming, his voice broken, and even the team was taken by surprise. Then Bates, yes, it was really the scornful, snubbing Bates who hastily and heartily replied,

"Sure, long ago; wish you had been on the team, then we'd have wiped up the ground with the rest of the League."

This time the hall rang with cheers for "Melton," and "Melton" and "Melton."

On his way home the Boy dropped in a



minute at the captain's, for, of course, he would know all about it and want to see.

"Here it is," he said, awkwardly, as he tossed the sweater on the couch. "How's your foot to-day?"

"Bother the foot—it's coming on O.K. Hold it up and let's see," and he handed back the sweater.

The Boy spread it over his chest, silently—then, "It's a—a big thing—to—for you all—to give—"

"What's the matter? Don't you like it?" interrupted the captain.

The Boy hastily gathered up his books, "Course—I—I—" and made a bolt for the door, leaving a much-bewildered foot-bound friend.

After a quick lunch the Boy transferred his books from the hall chair to the living-room table, and grabbing the sweater tightly, bounded up the stairs to his room. He shut and locked the door, and standing with his back against it, he wound the sweater hard into a big ball and flung it with all his might toward the opposite wall. It hit, bounced down on the couch, untwisting as it fell, and lay with sleeves upraised as if in protest.



"Ding it!" panted the angry lad. "You beastly, wuzzy, soft old thing, I hate you! Ding it! Ding it! Ding *you!*" and he glared viciously at the "Melton" which was staring him out of countenance.

"I could tear you to rags—to—to—tatters, every blooming stitch of you," he muttered as he squeezed, twisted and wrung the unresisting garment. Then suddenly he hid his hot face in its folds, for the bitterness in his heart had forced two big——

His head came up again with a jerk. "Cry-baby? You bet, No!" and he dropped the sweater as if it scorched.

"If you just had a plain lonesome M, how I'd love you," he sighed, and dropped down on the couch beside it to kick his heels and fight another battle. The Boy was growing to be a stout warrior.

It was a quiet son who met Mr. Gardner at the car later. He was cheerful but rather silent at dinner, and soon afterward he began studying. Examinations were very threatening, and he had been appalled to find how little of the earlier work he knew except in "Math." He wriggled and squirmed, and sighed and grunted, while Mr. Gardner watched



from the couch with a smile, now amused, now hopeful.

At last it was bedtime and the Boy jumped up with a sigh of relief.

"Mr. Allen wanted me to show you something, father," he said reluctantly as he came to the couch.

Mr. Gardner put out his hand. "Well?"

"It's upstairs," but he made no move to go.

"Anything the matter with your feet?"

"N—o—no, sir."

"Why keep me waiting then?"

When he came down again Mr. Gardner was sitting by the table. He looked inquiringly at the sweater which the Boy dropped in his lap.

"Put it on."

Silently the Boy struggled into it, then shuffled his feet and gazed at the floor sheepishly.

"It fits very well," commented Mr. Gardner. There was a brief pause.

"Can I take it off now? It's pretty warm."

"Of course. Why is it 'Melton' and not the usual M?"

The Boy explained.

"And so you don't like it," said his father.

"I hate it," exploded the Boy—he could not



help it—"I just hate it—now, but"—with a desperate earnestness—"I'm going to like it, daddy, truly, some day."

Mr. Gardner took it from him, smoothed it out, traced the letters, folded it gently and looked up.

"I like it, Boy; like it now," he said.

The Boy's lips wanted to quiver but he held them steady.

"That'll help no end, daddy," he whispered as he picked up the garment and fled.



## CHAPTER XIII

### HOW HIS OWN NAME CAME BACK

THE last day of examinations had arrived, and at the opening exercises Mr. Allen had stated that it was also the last school session. Reports and papers would be sent by mail, and he wished the boys a happy vacation—"happier because you will have passed your examinations with honor," he had said, and the boys had laughed as they scattered to write the last tests.

The Boy had written two, and after a brief intermission returned to his own classroom. There had been a few conflicts in the examination hours set, and his was mathematics. Mr. Dutton was in charge of all the "left-overs," and distributed paper and questions as the individuals required.

The Boy heaved a deep, deep sigh. Bull's conflict papers were not very merciful; the regulars were bad enough. The very first proposition staggered him, and he scowled and frowned and wriggled considerably till it occurred to him to draw the necessary figure.



As he added some letters it began to look familiar, and suddenly he recognized a vanquished foe. He wrote rapidly until the proof was complete. The second question also was a new form of a previous acquaintance, and with better courage the lad worked busily on till he reached the last, an "original," and was balked. He cudgeled his brains to no avail.

"Melton!"

"Yes, sir."

He rose and looked around in surprise—the room was empty save for Dot and himself.

"I am obliged to leave for a teachers' meeting at once. Have you finished?"

"All but the last, sir," scowling down at the paper.

"And you are entitled to fifteen minutes more. Take them and bring your work to the office at one-twenty."

"Yes, sir. Will some one else come in here?"

"No one."

"But I might cheat here alone, sir."

Dot smiled. "I don't see how you could really without a book or paper or person to help you, even if you wanted to, which I don't believe you do."

He closed the door behind him and Melton



sat down again with a warm, happy feeling in his heart. He was strongly tempted to yawn, stretch, and tramp around the room, but saying to himself, "He's trusting me and I've got to behave just as if he were here," he buckled down to his "job" again.

A ray of light came to him from some unknown source, and with its help he worked along till he saw a clue, and then "the thing did itself," as he told his father later.

On the second day following, as Mr. Gardner came down into the hall refreshed by a good bath and change of raiment after a hot and trying business trip to a neighboring city, he heard steps outside and opened the front door to find Mr. Allen with his hand just grasping the bellpull.

"Come in," he said, cordially.

"That I will," replied Mr. Allen, promptly, "for you are the very one I want to see."

They went into the parlor, where Mr. Allen delivered to Mr. Gardner a number of papers, and then both men conversed rapidly and earnestly for a few minutes.

As Mr. Allen was leaving they heard a voice calling, "Father! dinner," and turning saw the Boy entering the back of the hall.



"Come here, Boy," said Mr. Gardner, and the lad came forward and greeted the master of Melton courteously.

"Mr. Allen tells me you have done well this half-year," continued Mr. Gardner, and then added to the departing caller, "I am very glad Richard is redeeming his past."

"Good-by, Dick," said Mr. Allen as he started down the steps. "You have surely earned a happy vacation."

The Boy turned apologetically to his father.

"Scuse me, daddy, I didn't mean to butt in. Mother asked me to tell you dinner was ready, and I didn't know Mr. Allen was here."

"That was all right, Boy," responded Mr. Gardner, "I happened to hear him and let him in before he rang."

The eager look on the Boy's face yielded to a puzzled and pained expression. All through dinner and the evening he watched and listened, but although his father and mother went over the tests and reports, commending him heartily for the improvement in his work and congratulating him on the "100+" mark which his geometry paper bore, he did not again hear the words for which he was so hungry.



"Queer," he soliloquized as he made ready for bed, "Father sure said 'Richard' to Mr. Allen, and Mr. Allen called me 'Dick.' Why on earth didn't he keep it up? He knew I heard and—"

A sudden recollection of his sentences made him pause.

Yes, that was it. His father had not so addressed *him*. A poignant pain the disappointment gave him, but he found a little consolation in the thought—"If he says it to other folks, p'r'aps he'll say it to me pretty quick."

That was Thursday night, and he listened and waited with what patience he could muster all Friday and Saturday, turning over various thoughts in the meantime.

Mr. Gardner came home early Saturday afternoon, and after a good rest and a fine frolic with Leonard and Ruth, he sat down in the porch swing.

Seeing what he thought a good opening, the Boy suddenly asked, "What are you going to do with me this summer, daddy?"

"I don't just know," responded Mr. Gardner, scanning him rather sharply. "Have you any suggestions?"

"O I don't know—it's for you to say,"



began the Boy bashfully, "only I thought maybe you—p'r'aps I—"

Mr. Gardner laughed. "Go on, Boy, don't skip anybody, perchance mother, possibly Leonard, haply Ruth—"

The Boy laughed too, then he blurted it out so fast that the words almost got in each other's way.

"I thought maybe you could let me do something down at the office—p'r'aps I could do errands inside or out—or—isn't there something a fellow like me could do—to help you? I'd be so glad if I could and you'd let me."

Mr. Gardner looked thoughtful, and then they had a pleasant talk about the matter. His father found the Boy was really in earnest, and had already considered several lines of usefulness which they discussed at some length, taking Mrs. Gardner into the consultation during dinner. Afterward father and son strolled quietly about the garden and presently Mr. Gardner said, meditatively, "I've half a mind to let you try, Richard. You're older than many a lad, like David, for example, who has to make his own way, and eight weeks in the summer won't hurt you, I think. Why, what's the matter, Dick?"



The Boy had gazed at him almost stupidly at first, then he had gripped his arm painfully tight and was whispering in intense excitement, "You said it, you *called me it*. O! did you MEAN it, father?"

"I certainly did, Dick," and he smiled.

"Dick" dropped his arm and darted back to the house.

"O mother!" he gasped.

"What is it, Dicky-bird?"

"Why, did you know he was going to? Did father tell you?" he demanded.

"No, not a word, but I saw it in your face."

"Where?" he asked, adding quickly. "Is Len asleep? Can I tell him?"

"I think not—yes, run and tell him."

In the darkened room Dick felt his way to Leonard's bedside.

"Len! Father's called me by my name—I've got it back!" He tried not to shout the joyful news.

"O brother!" Leonard sat up in his excitement. "Can I call you Richie now?"

"Sure."

"Is it all clean and shiny?"

"It's clean, and it's going to be shiny some day."



"Is it a nicked name?"

"Yes," Dick answered honestly and soberly, "it's had a great big nick in it, but I'm going to mend it so people won't know it was there."

"I'm awful glad," and the tight clasp of the little fellow's arms around his neck gave the older brother ample proof of the sincerity of his feeling.

The Boy was dumb the rest of the evening. A silent grip of his father's hand and a light kiss on his mother's brow were his only good nights, but up in his room he found his tongue. He went to the window and gazed up into the starlit sky.

"O God!" and his voice trembled, "I've got it back! It's *mine!* Mine to keep and love and honor forever and ever!"



## CHAPTER XIV

### HOW HE FELT ABOUT IT

AFTER church next morning Richard wondered if he could possibly see and tell Dr. Perry, he did so long to tell that sympathetic and understanding friend; but noticing the minister in the midst of a large and eager group, he gave up the idea for the time being. On the way to the Sunday-school room he almost ran into David.

"Hello! You look mighty jolly. What's up?"

"Guess."

"You've made the school team?"

"School's done."

"Well, then it's your name."

"Good work."

"Lot's of fine things happening, aren't there?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, I came first and got a three-decker name, then your Nitsie found the third story to his, and now you've got yours. And say, Lem got his new feet yesterday and they fit



real good. He stood up on 'em and took two steps all alone 'thout any cane or crutch—great, ain't it?—isn't it, I mean." Coming closer he added, confidentially: "Lem's a great chap. What d'yer think? He 'pologized once for bein' huffy that time, and last night he grabbed me when I went to tell him good night and made me get up on the bed by him with his arms around me, and—and he thanked me for talkin' so to him, truly he did, and we had a dandy talk after. Queer how good it makes a fellow feel inside to know that somebody else cares 'bout you, ain't—isn't it?"

The Boy stopped after the Sunday school session to help the substitute teacher put away the map and other aids for the lesson, so that when he left the room he found the vestries quite deserted.

Just as he was about to descend the steps a hand was laid on his shoulder.

"May I walk along with you, Richard?"

"O! please do, Dr. Perry, but how—who told you?"

"You did."

"I did!"

"I knew it the minute I saw you come into church this morning."



"Do I strut so?" and the Boy flushed painfully.

Dr. Perry smiled. "Does your father?"

Richard smiled too.

"You have an air of self-respect and manliness now that you never had before, Dick."

"Isn't it good of father to give it back to me so quick? I've thought sometimes I might have to wait a year or so, I deserved it all right."

"So quick!" The Boy had grown wonderfully in those three months, thought the minister, and with a tender affection in face and voice that went deep into the heart of the lad, he asked "How is it with the other Father, Dick?"

The glad look on Dick's face brightened visibly. He nodded eagerly.

"It's all right there too, Dr. Perry. I'm going in for that new name you talked to us about. I wish I could thank you decently for helping me so much—"

"Don't! Try to like me a bit instead, Little Brother."

Little Brother—Dr. Perry's Little Brother! Did he care—that way?

Then he looked up and rescued them both



from embarrassment by saying, laughingly, "No, I can't—not 'a bit,' I like you such an awful big lot now," and with a hearty grip they parted.

The rest of that day and Monday Richard was so unnaturally quiet that his parents would have been very anxious about him had they not seen in his looks and felt in his tones that for the time his feelings were too deep for utterance.

As Monday was very warm, Mrs. Gardner decided to have a simpler meal than the usual dinner and serve it at an earlier hour on the porch, so that the whole family might share it and at the same time enjoy the cooler evening air. It was a merry occasion. Leonard particularly was in high spirits and entertained the group with his delightfully original remarks. After Ruth had gone to bed and Leonard had been settled in the porch swing as a starter toward dreamland, the Boy and his father had a most satisfactory talk during which the former learned that for six weeks he was to substitute for three of the younger employees while they were off on their two-week vacations, and in that way get an introduction to various phases of the work; the



last fortnight he would be his father's office boy, and then he and his employer would go to spend the remaining two weeks of the season with Mrs. Gardner and the children at the shore.

The sunset that evening was rather uninteresting, but was followed by a wonderful glow with radiating shafts of deeper tints rising nearly to the zenith. Richard and his parents watched the glorious color in silence for some time, then without disturbing the others the Boy rose and quietly stole away down to the rear of the garden. Presently Mr. Gardner missed him from his seat on the steps, and looking about for him spied his light figure giving an exhibition in gymnastics, running, tumbling and leaping, in the twilight. Suddenly after a high jump he fell heavily and lay perfectly still.

Mr. Gardner sprang up and ran at full speed to the prostrate form.

"Dick! O Dick!" he cried, "Where are you hurt? Is it bad?"

"No, daddy, nowhere," gasped the breathless boy.

"Are you sure?" pursued his father, anxiously, bending down over him.



"Sure, I'm all right, I'll show you, in a minute," said the boy between breaths. Then seeing that his father was seriously troubled, he rolled over and got to his feet.

"Just wait a jiffy till I get my breath and I'll prove it," he said, still panting somewhat.

A moment later he turned a cartwheel to the right, then another back, and gave a sample or two in the tumbling line, coming up face to face with his father.

"Now do you believe me, daddy?" he demanded.

"Yes, sonny," and "sonny" fed his soul on the smile that beloved face wore.

"I had to do something or burst, I'm so jammed full of happiness," explained the beaming lad. "I'm more comfortable now, but I'm sorry I scared you and mother," and he turned apologetically to Mrs. Gardner, who had followed more slowly.

"Of course you had to, Dicky-bird. I'm only glad you didn't break your neck trying to fly."

"You're a peachy little mother," and one arm went around her in a hearty embrace as he stood close beside her. Then he turned back to his father.



"You never had to lose your name, father, so you don't know—you can't—how glad I am to get mine back. And daddy," he added, most earnestly, "God helping me, I'll never dishonor it again, never; but I'll make it so shiny that it'll be fit to take along and show him by and by."

He caught his breath again, then with a shy wistfulness he begged, "Daddy, please will you say it to me once, all of it? It would sound so—so awful good to hear it."

Mr. Gardner grasped and held the hand which the Boy had extended as he pledged himself to the new aim, and said with hearty affection, "I am proud of you already, Dick, my son. God bless you always, Richard Ellison Gardner, Junior."















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